Princ. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſeues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but weeleſet vpon thē.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment, to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhal not ſee, Ile tie thē in the wood, our vizard we wil change, after we leaue them: & ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Po. Wel, for two of them I know to be as true bred cowards as euer turnd back: and for the third, if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt wil be, the incomprehenſible lies that this fat rogue will tell vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of theſe lies the ieſt.

Princ. Wel, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs al things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſuppe farewell.

Poy. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poynes.*

Prince. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your idleneſſe
Yet herein will I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wonderd at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holy daies,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

By how much better then my
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie men
And like bright mettall on a
My reformation glittering o'
Shall ſhew more goodly, and
Then that which hath no foil
Ile ſo offend, to make offence
Redeeming time, when men

Enter the King, Northumber
Sir Walter Blun

King. My blood hath bee
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indig
And you haue found me; for
You tread vpon my patience
I will from henceforth rather
Mighty, and to be feard, then
Which hath beene ſmooth a
And therefore loſt that Title
Which the proud ſoule ne're

Wor. Our houſe (my ſouer
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to
And that ſame greatneſſe too
Haue holpe to make ſo portl

King. Worceſter get thee g
Danger and diſobedience in
O ſir your preſence is too bo
And Maieſtie might neuer ye
The moody frontier of a ſeru
You haue good leaue to leau
Your vſe and counſell, we ſha
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea my good Lor
Thoſe priſoners in your high
Which *Harry Percy* here at
Where as he ſayes, not with
As he deliuered to your Mai
Either enuy therefore, or mi
Is guilty of this fault, and no

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